



THE
WILLIAM WARREN
EDITION
OF STANDARD PLAYS



WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
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BOSTON



THE
MERCHANT OF VENICE

A Comedy in Five Acts

BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The text employed is substantially that used in the performances of the late Sir Henry Irving, but for some of the stage-business of this edition the editor is indebted to the admirable prompt-book of the Castle Square Theatre

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

CHARACTERS.

Drury Lane, Feb. 14, 1741. Drury Lane, Jan. 26, 1814.

SHYLOCK, a Jew	Mr. Macklin.	Mr. Kean.
DUKE OF VENICE	Mr. Winstone.	Mr. Pope.
PRINCE OF MOROCCO, suitor to Portia	Mr. Cashell.	
ANTONIO, a merchant of Venice	Mr. Quin.	Mr. Powell.
BASSANIO, his friend; a suitor to Portia,	Mr. Milward.	Mr. Rae.
SALANIO, " "	Mr. Berry.	Mr. Barnard.
SALARINO, " "	Mr. Ridout.	Mr. Vining.
GRATIANO " "	Mr. Mills.	Mr. Wrench.
LORENZO, in love with Jessica	Mr. Haward.	Mr. Phillips.
TUBAL, a Jew, Shylock's friend	Mr. Taswell.	Mr. Meredith.
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, servant to Shylock	Mr. Chapman.	Mr. Oxberry.
OLD GOBBO, his father	Mr. Johnson.	Mr. Butler.
PRINCE OF ARRAGON	Mr. Turbutt.	
GAOLER		Mr. Elliot.
LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio		
BALTHAZAR, servant to Portia		
STEPHANO		
CLERK OF THE COURT		
PORTIA, a rich heiress	Mrs. Clive.	Miss Smith.
NERISSA, her waiting maid	Mrs. Pritchard.	Mrs. Orger.
JESSICA, Shylock's daughter	Mrs. Woodman.	Miss Povey.

Magnificoes, Officers of the Court, Maskers, Servants and others, according to the conditions of the production.

COSTUMES.

Costumes for so important and well-known a play as this should be supplied by some reputable costumer. Home made dresses and amateur archaeology in such cases as these are dangerous economies.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

ACT I.	SCENE 1.	A public place in Venice. Full stage.
	" 2.	Portia's Garden in Belmont. Scene in two.
	" 3.	Same as Scene 1.
ACT II.	SCENE 1.	A street in Venice. Full stage.
	" 2.	Another street in Venice. Scene in one.
	" 3.	Same as Scene 1.
ACT III.	SCENE 1.	Portia's House in Belmont. Interior—full stage.
	" 2.	A street in Venice. Scene in one, same as Act II., Scene 2.
	" 3.	Same as Scene 1 of this Act.
	" 4.	A street in Venice. Same as Scene 2.
	" 5.	A room in Portia's house in Belmont. Scene in two.
ACT IV.		A court of justice in Venice.
ACT V.		Another part of Portia's garden in Belmont. Full stage.

INTRODUCTION.

Rept. A.M. 12 Aug. 36.

The earliest mention of "The Merchant of Venice" is an entry by one James Robertes in The Stationers' Register, July 22, 1598, in which it is clearly implied that the play was then the property of The Lord Chamberlain's Company, of which its author was a member. The publication thus authorized is now known as The First Quarto, and is the earliest of the five sources of the text of this play that are known. The text found in the Folio of 1623 is a reprint of the second of the Quartos, entered by Thomas Haies, on October 28, 1600, an inferior text to that of Robertes, and clearly chosen by the editors because it had been actually employed in the theatre and was thus nearer to its author. Their additions, chiefly matters of stage business, sufficiently indicate their plan of selection. The earlier text of Robertes contains no evidence of having been derived from an acting copy.

The date of composition is doubtful. The first mention of the play by title is in Francis Mere's "Palladis Tamia" (1598), but in Henslowe's Diary, reprinted in 1845 by the Shakespeare Society, appears the entry: "25 of aguste 1594 ne Rd at the Veneson comodey . . . I s VJ d." Mr. Henslowe's habit both of spelling and of expression was illiterate, but it has been thought possible that in the above hieroglyphic is recorded the first production of this play, *ne* being his customary abbreviation in such cases. Mr. Henslowe's returns from this venture were better than appears, the purchasing power of money having been many times greater in Shakespeare's time than now. The plot may have been derived from many sources. There is, however, in Gossen's "Schoole of Abuse" (1579) a reference to "The Jew and Ptoleme, shown at the Bull (Inn), representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers and bloody mindes of usurers," a play in which the casket and the bond ideas, both existing antecedently in a great variety of forms, are combined. It falls in reasonably with Shakespeare's easy-going habit of helping himself from the nearest and amplest dish to suppose him to have conveniently based "The Merchant of Venice" upon this play, traces of which, indeed, have been allowed to survive, by carelessness, in the text of its derivative.

What may have been the popular estimate of the character of Shylock in Shakespeare's time, or what may have been the manner of interpreting the character then in vogue, are equally unknown. The original actor of the part of Shylock was Richard Burbadge, but of him and of his performance it is only meagrely recorded (1618) that he wore in the piece a red wig. It is probable that his effect in the part was comparable to that produced by him in the Barabas of Marlowe—a hateful one of tragic poignancy and power. The modern conception of Shylock as a sympathetic character was probably as far from the mind of his creator as was the purely comic aspect that it took on later. The next actor of the part was Thomas Doggett, whose name appears in the cast of characters prefixed to the printed text of the so-called Lansdowne version of this play, first published in 1701. By this time it is quite clear that Shylock had become by custom a low comedy character. No account of Doggett's acting in this part survives, but he was an habitual actor of humorous roles, and owing to the impossibility of treating the character as presented in Lord Lansdowne's version in any dignified way, it seems probable that he played Shylock as a comic character. Our old friend Downes, the pioneer historian of the English stage, says of him in a general way: "Mr. Doggett, On the stage, he's very Aspectabund, wearing a Farce in his Face; his Thoughts deliberately framing his Utterance Congruous to his Looks: He is the only Comick Original now Extant: Witness, *Ben, Solon, Nikin, the Jew of Venice*, etc."

The Lansdowne version was adapted from Shakespeare's text by George Granville, Viscount Lansdowne, and while—to the credit of the audiences of its period—it does not seem to have been especially popular, it still held the stage to the exclusion of the pure text for nearly forty years. Lansdowne, under the impression that he was improving the play, added a prologue in which the ghosts of Shakespeare and of Dryden, crowned with laurel, hold discourse with each other, neither author doing himself much credit by this spectral return to the stage. The ensuing play presented selections from the lines of Shakespeare, mingled with dreary inanities of the adapter's own invention, and altogether omitted the characters of Tubal, Launcelot and Old Gobbo. Betterton played Bassanio in its original cast, and Mrs. Bracegirdle Portia. Doggett's successors in the part were Benjamin Griffin (1714) and Anthony Aston (1722).

The two great Shylocks of stage history are Macklin and Kean. The latter represents a great personal triumph; the former not merely that but also a gratifying revulsion of popular feeling toward a great

author, rescued by the originality, intelligence and native force of a very remarkable figure in theatrical history from a degrading misconception of nearly half a century. It was in 1741 that Charles Macklin, an Irishman who had dropped his native McLaughlin with his brogue, and had become an actor of good reputation in London, persuaded Fleetwood, the then manager of Drury Lane, to revive the piece. His insight had enabled him to perceive the dramatic possibilities of the part, so long submerged in the muddy deluge of the Lansdowne "improvements," and he had determined to adventure the verdict of the public with his conception of the character. During the rehearsals of the play he was wise enough not to invite the inevitable opposition of a timidly conservative management by the least hint of his iconoclastic purpose. It necessarily appeared, however, that he was cutting loose from the established Lansdowne in the employment of the unmutilated text, and Mr. Quin, among other actor critics, went so far as to say encouragingly that he "would be hissed off the stage for his arrogance and presumption." Fleetwood himself, finally aware that some innovation was on foot, remonstrated with the stubborn Macklin, urging subtly that his standing as an actor might be destroyed altogether by the inevitable failure of such an attempt; but the player, supported by a sounder good sense and a better judgment, persisted in his intention, and the play was finally announced for the evening of February 14, 1741, with the inimitable Kitty Clive as Portia.

When the night came the house was crowded in every part within a very few minutes after the opening of the doors. Some came to support the actor in his attempt, and some to oppose him with hisses. His fellow-actors were apprehensive of failure and inclined to be malicious and unsympathetic. The manager was vociferous in the expression of his fears and distress; the feelings of Macklin, burdened as he was with the sole responsibility for this attempt, may be imagined. Cooke's "Life of Macklin" gives a most interesting and dramatic account of the event in detail. For present purposes it need only be said that the actor's reception in the part was cordial and his hearing a fair one, and that in the great scene with Tubal in the third act his final triumph was announced in thunders of applause so great that he was obliged to pause between the speeches to give them opportunity. His own words will best sum up the result of his and Shakespeare's triumph on that evening: "On my return to the green-room after the play was over, it was crowded with nobility and critics, who all complimented me in the warmest and most unbounded manner; and the situation I felt myself in I must confess was one of the most flattering and intoxicating."

cating of my whole life. No money, no title, could purchase what I felt; and let no man tell me after this what Fame will not inspire a man to do, and how far the attainment of it will not remunerate his greatest labors. By G——, sir, though I was not worth fifty pounds in the world at that time, yet, let me tell you, I was *Charles the Great* for that night." The play ran twenty-one nights, a significantly long run for that time, was repeatedly revived in that and later seasons, and firmly established Macklin's reputation. George II. is said to have been unable to sleep after seeing his performance of the Jew. It was of Macklin that Pope said, on the third night of the play, —

This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew.

Macklin dressed the part of Shylock for the first time with some attempt at historical correctness, wearing a red hat, and otherwise aiming to convey some flavor of the place and period, but his example had but small influence on his fellow-players. Even so late as his last appearance Miss Pope, his Portia, wore the wig and gown of an English barrister of the period, while the Duke of Venice presented all the externals of an English judge, and the other parts were dressed in contemporary street costume. Macklin is supposed to have been born in May, 1690. His last appearance on the stage took place on May 7, 1789, in the part of Shylock, for his own benefit, at nearly one hundred years of age. His memory not unnaturally failed him, and Ryder, who was ready for such an emergency, finished the part for him. He lived eight years longer — until 1797.

Thirteen years after Macklin's revival — October 30, 1754 — Sheridan appeared in the character at Covent Garden, to the first performance of Portia by the great Woffington, and after him several comedians followed in the footsteps of Doggett, but without venturing to defy the Macklin tradition: Shuter, the Gobbo of the Sheridan cast, to the Portia of Mrs. Hamilton, on May 3, 1759; King, the original Sir Peter Teazle, March 24, 1768, to the Portia of Mrs. Dancer; Yates, March 27, 1770; Digges, at the Haymarket, August 24, 1780; Ryder, at the Haymarket, June 22, 1790, and Harley, at Covent Garden, May 12, 1796. Henderson appeared in the character at the Haymarket, June 11, 1777, and the great John Philip Kemble, at Drury Lane, to the Portia of Miss E. Kemble, January 22, 1784, but with no notable success. Elliston played Shylock at the Haymarket to the Portia of Miss De Camp, at her first appearance, August 28, 1797, and G. F. Cooke appeared in the part at Covent Garden, November 10, 1800, to Miss

Murray's Portia. Charles Young acted the Jew at the Haymarket on the occasion of Mrs. Glover's first appearance as Portia, on August 16, 1809, and Stephen Kemble followed him at Drury Lane, October 5, 1813, to the Portia of Miss Smith.

On January 26, 1814, at Drury Lane Theatre, occurred the memorable debut of the great Edmund Kean in this character. Engaged by Arnold, the then manager of the house, he came up to London full of high hopes, only to endure a month or more of delay, disappointment and humiliation while some dispute as to his prior engagement at the Wych St. house was being settled with Elliston, who claimed his services. Poor and friendless, his salary withheld after the first week, snubbed by his fellow-actors and advised by many on a hasty valuation of his mere externals, which were not impressive, to abandon a profession in which he could never hope to succeed, he remained steadfast and confident. Finally he was offered a first appearance, but advised to make it in a minor character. He stood fast in his determination that it should be in Shylock or in nothing. Huddart, of Dublin, had recently failed in this same part, and Sowerby, another man banked on as a novelty, had not succeeded, so it was finally decided to give the little man a chance upon his own terms. He was only five feet five inches high, and hopes for him were in strict proportion to his inches. Nearly everything was against him: the supporting company shirked rehearsals, and when they came they rehearsed without interest and did not spare the new-comer criticism and even offensive comment; but he who had borne much was able to bear more. The night of his debut was bitterly cold and the house was half empty and without any helpful enthusiasm. He wore a black wig in the part—an unheard-of innovation. Yet he was received with encouragement and ended the act to significant applause. The second act went better and the actor warmed with his audience. At the beginning of the third act the doubting actors were summoned from the green-room by the tumult in front to be witnesses of an unprecedented success. In a single evening Edmund Kean had taken a place high above the heads of them all with probably fewer circumstances to aid him and more to hold him back than any actor ever had in a similar case. It has been said that the life of an actor is less intrinsically dramatic in its course than that of most men; Macklin and Kean seem to offer striking exceptions to this statement.

After Kean, Shylocks multiplied too fast to be reckoned. Macready, who first played the part at Covent Garden May 13, 1823, to the Portia of Mrs. Ogilvie, was the first to make the Jew an old man. Samuel

Phelps, who had played Tubal to Edmund Kean in 1831 in a small town in the north of England, and had attracted his favorable notice in the character, made his London debut in the part of Shylock at the Haymarket, August 28, 1837, to the Portia of Miss Huddart. Charles Kean, who, suffering from a chronic cold in the head, made Shylock a vegetarian by his inescapable mispronunciation of the line, "When you do take the beans by which I live" first appeared in the part June 3, 1840, at the Haymarket; later, in 1858, he gave the piece a spectacular revival at the Princess's, with Mrs. Kean (Ellen Tree) as Portia. Farren, whose conspicuous leanness of person stimulated the gallery to obvious repartee in the scene of the pound of flesh, was another Shylock, and Dowton is notable as one of the few who utterly failed in the part. A long list of recent Shylocks is closed by the well-remembered performance of Sir Henry Irving, which was first given at the Lyceum, London, November 1, 1879. The part has been played by women — among others, by Charlotte Crampton and Mrs. Macready.

Portia has been acted by a long line of players more or less distinguished, but few of which can be named. The Portias of the Lansdowne version were Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Bradshaw and Mrs. Barry. There is no record of any earlier players of the part. Kitty Clive, Macklin's Portia, had the success of a popular favorite merely. She is said to have given in the trial scene an imitation of Lord Mansfield, which enables us to measure the value of her performance with some accuracy. Miss Macklin, the daughter of the veteran, whose highest joy it was to play men's parts, naturally found Portia to her liking, and played the part in support of her distinguished father at Covent Garden, April 13, 1776. A life-long difference between these two, father and daughter, resulted from a trifling difference of opinion as to a line in the trial scene of this play, in which neither would yield. Mrs. Abington played Portia for the first time in London at Drury Lane, November 5, 1768, having made her first appearance in the character in Dublin, January 7, 1760. The great Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance in London as Portia, to the Shylock of King, on December 29, 1775. She was announced as "A Young Lady," and, as she herself says, "was merely tolerated," and went back to the provinces. Twenty-eight years later (1803) she again appeared in the part as one of a strong cast embracing George Frederick Cooke as Shylock, J. P. Kemble as Antonio and Charles Kemble as Bassanio. A distinguished procession of later Portias is impressively brought up by that of Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Irving's leading support, who first played the part to the Shylock of Charles Coghlan in 1874.

"The Merchant of Venice" was the first play produced by the Hallams, who headed the first regular company to give theatrical performances in America. This performance was given in Williamsburgh, then the capital of Virginia, a village of two hundred or so buildings and perhaps a thousand souls, September 5, 1752. The Hallam Company, just arrived from England on "The Charming Sally," acted in an adapted warehouse so near to the woods that the actors could and did shoot pigeons from the stage door. The orchestra consisted of Mr. Pelham alone, performing upon a harpsichord. Mr. Rigby, later the Bassanio, spoke the prologue. Mr. Malone was the Shylock and Mrs. Hallam the Portia. Miss Cheér played Portia in Philadelphia in 1766, and Mrs. Osborne in Annapolis in 1769. Mrs. Morris appeared in the part in Philadelphia in 1772 to the Shylock of Mr. Henry, described by Hallam as "a splendid amateur actor," and Mrs. Ryan in Baltimore in 1782, supported in Launcelot by one Mr. Shakespeare.—an amateur, unfortunately, and not "consanguineous." Between the dates of these two performances theatrical prices had been high in Philadelphia—fifteen dollars admission for a child, twenty dollars for a seat in the gallery, thirty dollars to the pit, and forty to the boxes—Continental money. Mrs. Whitlock (Elizabeth Kemble) was the first "star" to make a tour of the United States. She played before George Washington in Philadelphia, and was engaged for four hundred and fifty dollars and a benefit to play a season at the Boston Theatre, in October, 1796, where she appeared as Portia among other things. The first Shylock seen in Boston was that of Mr. Hipworth, who presented himself in the character at his own benefit at the Federal St. Theatre, June 17, 1795, to the Portia of Mrs. Snelling Powell, who had been reckoned in England as second only to Mrs. Siddons, and of whom George III. had approved. She was later on the salary list of the Haymarket Theatre, Boston, at forty-two dollars a week. It was at this house, situated at the corner of Tremont and Boylston Sts., that Mrs. Giles Leonard Barrett, the second Portia to delight a Boston audience, appeared in support of her husband's Shylock, on January 27, 1797. She was a pupil of Macklin, and made her debut as one of his numerous Portias. A Mrs. Henderson played Portia in Charleston in 1796.

The first performance of the "Merchant of Venice" in New York was given at the John St. Theatre in 1768. Henry J. Finn made his first American appearance in the part at the Park Theatre, January 16, 1818. Edwin Forrest attempted it for the first time at the Bowery, July 23, 1827, but he was far from great in the character, and played

it but a few times. C. W. Coulcock played Shylock at Castle Garden, September 6, 1852, the occasion being the centennial of the first American production of the play. Mrs. Vickery was the Portia and Mr. Burton the Launcelot. James W. Wallack played the part at his own house December 9, 1858. Mrs. Hoey was the Portia and Lester Wallack the Bassanio. Edwin Booth first played the Jew in New York at Tripler Hall, February 11, 1861. He appeared in this character at the Haymarket, London, on September 30 in the same year, to the Portia of Mrs. Charles Young (Mrs. Herman Vezin), and made an elaborate production of the play at Winter Garden, New York, on January 28, 1867, that ran for seven weeks. Matilda Heron, one of the innumerable Portias of native growth, first appeared in the part at Laura Keene's Varieties, New York, May 8, 1863. Charlotte Cushman played Portia more than once, but it was only a rivet in her crown and not a jewel.

In the year 1787 "The Merchant of Venice" fell into the hands of one of the innumerable army of mediocre German composers, Mr. J. A. Just, who set it to music in an opera that was performed for the first and last time in Amsterdam. The play was later turned into an opera said to have possessed considerable merit, by an Italian, Signor Petrella. The play has been acted a good deal in Germany, and is an established item of the German repertoire. It was played eighty-four times in 1896 and sixty-two times in 1897 in that country. It was plagiarized by Cyrano de Bergerac (1619-1655) in his "Agrippina," and while it has never been acted in a French version, it has been more than once presented in Paris in English by English actors, notably by Edmund Kean.

A Japanese version of this play was produced by a Japanese company at the Bijou Theatre, New York, March 12, 1900.

F. E. CHASE.

June 12, 1907.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

Scene I.—*Venice.* Set represents a public place. Back drop in four represents the Grand Canal with ships with colored sails in foreground at L. Sunshine on set and during the action. Carriers laden with packs pass back and forward as if lading ships. One or two groups of sailors and gondoliers dress the scene up stage and move about during action. Entrances marked with houses at both R. and L.

LIGHTS full up.

(When the curtain is well up, enter, from R. U. E., ANTONIO followed by SALARINO and SALANIO. ANTONIO is a staid, bearded man of dignified bearing, wearing a long tunic and hat of rich black velvet. SALARINO and SALANIO are younger, and dressed in gay colors.)

ANTONIO (as if replying to a reproach on his sad manner, as they come down). In sooth, I know not why I am so sad ; It wearies me ; you say it wearies you ; But how I caught it, found it or came by it, What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born, I am to learn ; And such a want-wit sadness makes of me That I have much ado to know myself. (*Stops at c.*)

SALARINO (at L.). Your mind is tossing on the ocean ; There, where your argosies with portly sail — Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood, Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea — Do overpeer the petty traffickers That curt'sy to them, do them reverence, As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SALANIO (*at R.*). Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind ;
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads ;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

SALAR. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea,
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats ;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Shall I have the thought
To think on this ; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanc'd, would make me sad ?
But tell not me ; I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

ANT. Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year.
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

SALAN. Why then you are in love.

ANT.

Fye, fyel

SALAN. Not in love, neither ? Then let's say you are sad,
Because you are not merry ; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time ;
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper ;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.
Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare you well. (*Passes behind ANTONIO to join SALARINO at L.*)

We leave you now with better company.

SALAR. (*saluting ANTONIO as he and SALANIO move up toward L.*). I would have staid till I had made you merry, If worthier friends had not prevented me.

ANT. Your worth is very dear in my regard. I take it your own business calls on you, And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO and GRATIANO *at R. I. E.* LORENZO is the youngest of the three, BASSANIO the most distinguished and GRATIANO the gayest.

SALAR. (*greeting them*). Good morrow, my good lords. BASSANIO (*crossing quickly to L.*). Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say when?

(LORENZO and GRATIANO talk with ANTONIO.)

You grow exceeding strange. (*As SALANIO and SALARINO show by a gesture that they have business elsewhere.*)

Must it be so?

SALAR. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

Exeunt SALARINO and SALANIO *at L. 3 E.*

LORENZO (*crossing to L. C.*). My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio, We two will leave you; but at dinner time, I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

BASS. (*at L.*). I will not fail you.

GRATIANO (*R.*). You look not well, Signior Antonio; You have too much respect upon the world. They lose it that do buy it with much care. Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

ANT. (*C.*). I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano; A stage, where every man must play a part, And mine a sad one.

GRA. Let me play the fool; With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come; And let my liver rather heat with wine Than my heart cool with mortifying groans. Why should a man whose blood is warm within

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
 Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio, —
 I love thee, and it is my love that speaks :
 There are a sort of men whose visages
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be dressed in an opinion

(During this speech all the action up stage has ceased, and the sailors, porters and gondoliers who have dressed the scene move away to leave it free for the rest of the action.)

Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
 As who should say, “ I am Sir Oracle,
 And when I ope my lips let no dog bark ! ”
 Oh, my Antonio, I do know of these,
 That therefore only are reputed wise
 For saying nothing.
 I'll tell thee more of this another time.
 Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well a while ;
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

LOR. *(to BASSANIO).* Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
 For Gratiano never lets me speak. *(Crosses to R.)*

GRA. *(linking his arm in LORENZO's).* Well, keep me company but two years more,
 Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

ANT. Farewell. I'll grow a talker for this gear.

GRA. Thanks, i'faith ; for silence only is commendable
 In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible.

Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO at R.

ANT. Is that anything now ?

BASS. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing — more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff ; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.

ANT. (*who has been gazing after LORENZO and GRATIANO, turns to BASSANIO, and with a change of manner and tone from indifference to affectionate interest, places his hands on his friend's shoulders and looks in his face*). Well; tell me now what lady is this same

To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

BASS. (*returning ANTONIO's frank gaze*). 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio, How much I have disabled mine estate By something showing a more swelling port Than my faint means would grant continuance. Nor do I now make moan to be abridged From such a noble rate; but my chief care Is to come fairly off from the great debts Wherein my time, something too prodigal, Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio, I owe the most, in money and in love; And from your love I have a warranty To unburthen all my plots and purposes, How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANT. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it; And if it stand, as you yourself still do, Within the eye of honor, be assur'd (*with an outward gesture, as he takes his hands from BASSANIO's shoulders, as if offering his friend everything he had*)

My purse, my person, my extremest means, Lie all unlocked to your occasions.

BASS. (*moving down R., after a moment's pause*). In my school days, when I had lost one shaft, I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight The selfsame way, with more advised watch, To find the other forth; and, by adventuring both, I oft found both; I urge this childhood proof, Because what follows is pure innocence. I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth, That which I owe is lost; but if you please To shoot another arrow that self way Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt, As I will watch the aim, or to find both Or bring your latter hazard back again, And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANT. You know me well ; and herein spend but time
 To wind about my love with circumstance ;
 And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong
 In making question of my uttermost,
 Than if you had made waste of all I have.
 Then do but say to me what I should do,
 That in your knowledge may by me be done,
 And I am prest unto it ; therefore, speak.

BASS. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
 And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
 Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes
 I did receive fair speechless messages.
 Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalued
 To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
 Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;
 For the four winds blow in from every coast
 Renowned suitors ; and her sunny locks
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;
 Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
 And many Jasons come in quest of her.
 Oh, my Antonio, had I but the means
 To hold a rival place with one of them,
 I have a mind presages me such thrift
 That I should questionless be fortunate.

WARN change.

SIGNAL lights down.

ANT. (*reflects a moment and then, coming down to BASSANIO, places a hand on his shoulder affectionately*). Thou know'st
 that all my fortunes are at sea ;
 Neither have I money nor commodity
 To raise a present sum ; therefore go forth,
 Try what my credit can in Venice do ;
 That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
 To furnish thee to Belmont to fair Portia.
 Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
 Where money is, and I no question make
 To have it of my trust or for my sake.

Exeunt together, R. I E.

LIGHTS down for change.

CHANGE set.

Scene II. — *Lights up, disclosing a part of the garden in PORTIA'S house at Belmont. Back drop in two represents a terrace with flowers and trees. A flight of stone steps leads up to it, and at L. C. is a practical stone seat on which there are some gay cushions and a book.*

LIGHTS full up.

Enter PORTIA at once at L. I E., followed by NERISSA.

PORTIA (*with a sigh that is almost a groan as she drops into the seat*). By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

NERISSA (*standing behind PORTIA*). You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

POR. (*shrugging her shoulders wearily*). Good sentences and well pronounced.

NER. (*coming down R. C.*). They would be better if well followed.

POR. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages prince's palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. Oh, me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?

NER. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver and lead

(whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

POR. I pray thee over-name them ; and as thou namest them I will describe them ; and according to my description level at my affection.

NER. *(as if listing them off on her fingers).* First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

POR. *(with a grimace).* Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse ; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. *(Rises.)*

NER. Then is there the county Palatine.

POR. He doth nothing but frown ; as who should say *(striking an attitude in imitation of him)*, "An if you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales and smiles not. I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two !

NER. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon ?

POR. *(quickly)* God made him and therefore let him pass for a man.

NER. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew ?

POR. *(with a grimace of disgust).* Very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk ; when he is best he is a little worse than a man ; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An' the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

NER. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will if you should refuse to accept him.

POR. *(with emphasis, as she goes to NERISSA).* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket ; for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it.

NER. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords ; they have acquainted me with their determination, which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit.

POR. (*with a gesture of thanking heaven, sinks with a sigh of relief into her seat again*). I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable ; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

NER. (*passing behind PORTIA*). Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

POR. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio ; as I think, so was he called.

NER. True, madam ; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

POR. I remember him well ; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter BALTHAZAR at L. I. E.

(*To him.*) How now ! What news ?

RING lights down for change.

BALTHAZAR. The four strangers seek for you, madam ; to take their leave ; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

POR. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach. (*Rising.*) Come, Nerissa. (*Placing her hand on NERISSA's shoulder.* *To BALTHAZAR.*) Sirrah, go before.

Exit BALTHAZAR, L. I. E.

Whiles we shut the gate on one wooer another knocks at the door.

Exeunt, gaily, PORTIA and NERISSA, L. I. E.

STAGE darkened for change.

Scene III.—*Lights up to disclose same set as Scene I.* SHYLOCK enters from R. U. E., muttering to himself and followed by BASSANIO. He comes down to C. and stands a moment, while BASSANIO follows him to L. C.

LIGHTS full up.

SHYLOCK (*leaning both hands on his cane and looking keenly at BASSANIO*). Three thousand ducats—well.

BASS. Ay, sir, for three months.

SHY. For three months — well.

BASS. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

SHY. Antonio shall become bound — well.

BASS. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

SHY. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

BASS. Your answer to that.

SHY. (*as if reflecting*). Antonio is a good man.

BASS. (*sharply*). Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

SHY. (*in a conciliatory tone*). No — no, no, no, no; my meaning in saying that he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient; yet his means are in supposition. He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England — and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land rats and water rats, land thieves and water thieves — I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient; three thousand ducats — I think I may take his bond.

BASS. Be assured you may.

SHY. I *will* be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

BASS. If it please you to dine with us.

SHY. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you,

and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. (*Looking off L.*) What news on the Rialto? Who comes here?

BASS. (*turning to follow SHYLOCK's gaze*). This is Signior Antonio. (*Hurries off L. to meet him.*)

SHY. (*looking off L. as he remains alone on stage; to himself*). How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that in low simplicity

He lends out money gratis, and brings down

The rate of usance here with us in Venice. (*Coming down C., reflecting, as ANTONIO and BASSANIO come on at L. together in earnest conversation. He does not notice them as they come down L. C. and wait for him to give his decision.*)

If I can catch him once upon the hip,

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,

Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,

Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe

If I forgive him!

BASS. (*quitting ANTONIO and approaching SHYLOCK; stops at L. C.*). Shylock!

(SHYLOCK keeps on muttering.)

Do you hear?

SHY. (*without looking toward him*). I am debating of my present store,

And, by the near guess of my memory,

I cannot instantly raise up the gross

Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,

Will furnish me. But soft. How many months

Do you desire? (*Looks up as if seeing ANTONIO for the first time.*) Rest you fair, good signior;

Your Worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANT. (*disregarding SHYLOCK's half servile manner; at L.*).

Shylock, albeit that I neither lend nor borrow

By taking nor by giving of excess,

Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,

I'll break a custom. (*To BASSANIO.*) Is he yet possess'd
How much you would?

SHY. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

ANT. And for three months.

SHY. I had forgot. (*To BASSANIO.*) Three months, you
told me so.

Well, then, your bond; and, let me see — (*To ANTONIO.*)

But hear you;

Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

ANT. I do never use it.

SHY. When Jacob grazed his Uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

ANT. And what of him? Did he take interest?

SHY. No, not take interest; not as you would say,
Directly interest; mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-color'd lambs; and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

ANT. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

SHY. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast.
But note me, signior —

ANT. (*with scorn; aside to BASSANIO.*) Mark you this,
Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

SHY. (*reflecting*). Three thousand ducats — 'tis a round sum.

Three months from twelve — then let me see the rate.

ANT. (*impatiently*). Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

SHY. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances ;
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe. (*Touching his yellow cap which by the laws of Venice all Jews were obliged to wear.*)

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help.
Go to, then ; you come to me and you say :
"Shylock, we would have monies." You say so —
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold ; monies is your suit.
What shall I say to you ? Should I not say :
"Hath a dog money ? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?" Or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this :
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurn'd me such a day ; another time
You call'd me — dog ; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies ?"

ANT. (*in anger*). I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends ; (for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend ?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy ;
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

SHY. Why, look you, how you storm !
I would be friends with you and have your love,

Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit
 Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me.
 This is kind I offer.

ANT. This were kindness.

SHY. This kindness will I show.
 Go with me to a notary ; seal me there
 Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
 If you repay me not on such a day,
 In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
 Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
 Be nominated (*hesitates, as if seeking what useless forfeit he ought for form's sake to name*) : for an equal pound
 Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
 In what part of your body pleaseth me.

ANT. Content, in faith ; I'll seal to such a bond,
 And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

BASS. (*quickly; in some alarm*). You shall not seal to such
 a bond for me,
 I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

ANT. (*gaily*). Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it ;
 Within these two months, that's a month before
 This bond expires, I do expect return
 Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

SHY. (*casting up his eyes*). O father Abraham, what these
 Christians are !
 Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
 The thoughts of others ! (*To BASSANIO.*) Pray, you, tell
 me this :

If he should break his day, what should I gain
 By the exaction of the forfeiture ?
 A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
 Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
 As flesh of muttons, beefs or goats. I say

WARN curtain.

To buy his favor I extend this friendship.
 If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu. (*Starts to go up stage toward L.*)
 And for my love I pray you wrong me not.

ANT. (*staying him*). Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

SHY. (*up c.*). Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ; Give him direction for this merry bond, And I will go and purse the ducats straight ; See to my house, left in the fearful guard Of an unthrifty knave ; and presently I will be with you.

Exit, L. U. E.

ANT. (*with a laughing gesture of farewell*). Hie thee, gentle Jew.

(*Turning back to BASSANIO, who stands sadly at L. C.*). This Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.

BASS. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

RING curtain.

ANT. Come on ; in this there can be no dismay ; My ships come home a month before the day.

Exeunt together, ANTONIO with his arm thrown over BASSANIO's shoulder, their moods quite changed — ANTONIO gay, BASSANIO depressed.

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Scene I. — Street beside a bridge over one of the smaller canals in Venice. The canal and street run obliquely from L. 2 E. to R. U. E. Practical bridge crosses the canal from R. 3 E. to L. U. E. Practical steps at R. Entrances at R. 1 E. and L. 1 E. on stage, L. U. E. over the bridge, and for gondolas by canal in L. 2 E. and R. U. E. At L., between first entrance and bridge, is SHYLOCK's house. A wide, low door with one step gives entrance to it, and over the door is a small window and balcony.

LIGHTS full up.

Enter LAUNCELOT from house at L.

LAUNCELOT (*coming to c. and looking ruefully at the house, as he rubs his head in perplexity*). Certainly my conscience would serve me to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at my elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says, "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo." Or, as aforesaid, "Honest Launcelot Gobbo, do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack. "Via!" says the fiend. "Away!" says the fiend. "For the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son"—or, rather, an honest woman's son, for indeed my father did something smack, something grow to; he had a kind of taste. Well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," says I, "you counsel well; fiend," says I, "you counsel well." To be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew, my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil. And to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal, and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run, fiend. My heels are at your command; I will run.

GOBBO (*outside, at R.*). Master young man, you; I pray you which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUN. (*aside*). Oh, heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not. I will try confusions with him.

Enter OLD GOBBO at R., with a basket on his arm and guiding himself with a stick.

GOB. Master young gentleman, I pray you which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUN. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

GOB. By God's sondies, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwells with him or no?

LAUN. Talk you of young master Launcelot? (*Aside.*) Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young master Launcelot?

GOB. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

LAUN. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

GOB. Your Worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

LAUN. But I pray you ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you; talk you of young master Launcelot.

GOB. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

LAUN. Ergo, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed — deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

GOB. Marry, heaven forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

LAUN. (*aside.*) Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? (*To GOBBO.*) Do you know me, father?

GOB. Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me is my boy (heaven rest his soul!) alive or dead?

LAUN. Do you not know me, father?

GOB. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind! I know you not.

LAUN. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me; it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. (*Gets slowly down on his knees in front of GOBBO, with his back to him, and rolling up his eyes.*) Give me your blessing; truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

GOB. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

LAUN. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing. I am Launcelot—your boy that was — your son that is — your child that shall be.

GOB. (*confused and half sobbing childishly*). I cannot think you are my son.

LAUN. (*with a comic start, looking up sideways at the old man*). I know what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure that Marjory, your wife, is my mother.

GOB. Her name is Marjory, indeed. I'll be sworn if thou be Launcelot thou art mine own flesh and blood. (*LAUNCELOT with a sigh takes off his cap and the old man falls to fumbling the back of his head, thinking it is his face, to LAUNCELOT's glee and the old man's confusion.*) Lord, worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! Thou hast more hair on thy chin than Dobbin, my phill-horse, has on his tail.

LAUN. It would seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward. (*Turns about.*) I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him. (*Rising.*)

GOB. (R.). Lord! how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. (*Showing his basket.*) How 'gree you now?

LAUN. (L.). Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present? Give him a halter! I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. (*Takes GOBBO's hand and rubs it up and down his ribs.*) Father, I am glad you are come. Give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as heaven has any ground. (*Looks off R. and claps his hands to his knees.*) Oh, rare fortune! here comes the man! (*Crosses further to L. with GOBBO, as BASSANIO enters at R. with LEONARDO and a second servant, to whom he is giving orders. They stop at R. C.*) LAUNCELOT gets behind GOBBO and begins pushing him toward BASSANIO. (*The old man holds back.*) To him, father, for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

BASS. (*to servant*). You may do so, but let it be hasted, that supper be ready at the furthest by five o'clock. (*Gives*

him letters.) See these letters delivered, put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Exit servant at R. I E.

LAUN. (*pushing GOBBO forward*). To him, father.

GOB. (*to BASSANIO*). Heaven bless your Worship.

BASS. (*turning*). Gramercy! would'st thou aught with me?

GOB. (*showing LAUNCELOT*). Here is my son, sir; a poor boy —

LAUN. (*swinging the old man away and taking his place, hat in hand*). Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir — as my father shall specify — (*Swings OLD GOBBO in front of him again*.)

GOB. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve —

LAUN. (*repeating former action and taking the front place again himself*). Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire — as my father shall specify — (*Swings GOBBO forward again*.)

GOB. His master and he, saving your Worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins.

BASS. (*between laughter and impatience*). One speak for both; what would you?

LAUN. (*coming forward*). Serve you, sir.

GOB. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

BASS. I know thee well; thou hast obtained thy suit; Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day And hath preferred thee, if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

LAUN. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

BASS. Thou speakest it well. Go, father, with thy son; Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out. (*To LEONARDO*.) Give him a livery More guarded than his fellows'. See it done. (*Takes his tablet and writes*.)

LAUN. (*strutting and dragging his father to L.*). Father, in.

I cannot get a service, no ; I have ne'er a tongue in my head ? Well ! (Stopping at L. and reading his palm, after having carefully wiped it.) Well — If any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. (Tracing a line on the palm of his left hand with the forefinger of his right.) Go to, here's a simple line of life ! here's a small trifle of wives. Alas ! fifteen wives is nothing ! Eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man ; and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather bed — here are simple 'scapes ! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. (Taking GOBBO once more by the arm.) Father, come ; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

Exeunt LAUNCELOT and GOBBO at L. into house.

BASS. (giving LEONARDO the paper he has written). I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this ; These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best-esteem'd acquaintance ; hie thee, go.

LORENZO mounts steps to cross the bridge and **exits** at L. U. E. BASSANIO **exits** R. I E. On the bridge LEONARDO meets GRATIANO, who **enters** at L. U. E.

GRA. (at extreme L. as LEONARDO greets him). Where is your master ?

LEONARDO (pointing off at R.). Yonder, sir, he walks.

Exit L. from bridge.

GRA. (at centre of bridge, calling off R.). Signior Bassanio !

Enter BASSANIO at R.

BASS. Gratiano ! (Comes to c.)

GRA. I have a suit to you. (Comes down.)

BASS. (L. C.). You have obtain'd it.

GRA. (R. C.). You must not deny me ; I must go with you to Belmont.

BASS. Why, then, you must ; but hear thee, Gratiano ;
 Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice —
 Parts that become thee happily enough,
 And in such eyes as ours appear not faults.
 But where thou art not known, why, there they show
 Something too liberal ; pray thee, take pain
 To allay with some cold drops of modesty
 Thy skipping spirit, lest, through thy wild behavior
 I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,
 And lose my hopes.

GRA. Signior Bassanio, hear me.
 If I do not put on a sober habit,
 Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
 Wear prayer books in my pocket, look demurely ;
 Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes (*covers his face with his hat*)
 Thus with my hat, and sigh and say (*crosses his hands on his breast and casts up his eyes*), Amen ;
 Use all the observance of civility,
 Like one well studied in a sad ostent
 To please his grandam, never trust me more.

BASS. Well, we shall see your bearing.
 GRA. Nay, but I bar to-night ; you shall not gauge me
 By what we do to-night.

BASS. No, that were pity ;
 I would entreat you rather to put on
 Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
 That purpose merriment ; but fare you well,
 I have some business.

GRA. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest ;
 But we will visit you at supper-time.

Exeunt, BASSANIO *at R. I^E., and GRATIANO over the bridge to L.*

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT *from house at L.*

JESSICA (*coming to c.*). I am sorry thou wilt leave my
 father so ;
 Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
 Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.

But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest.

RING lights down for change.

Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

LAUN. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful
Pagan — most sweet Jew! If a Christian did not play the
knave and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu!
these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit;
adieu!

JES. Farewell, good Launcelot.

Exit LAUNCELOT to R.

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. Oh, Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife.

Exit into house, L.

LIGHTS down.

CHANGE set.

Scene II. — *Scene in one. A narrow street in another part of Venice. Perspective of narrow canal and bridge on drop in first grooves*

LIGHTS up.

Enter at once from L. I E., GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO and SALANIO.

LOR. (L.). Nav we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

GRA. (R.). We have not made good preparation.

SALAR. (R. C.). We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

SALAN. (L. C.). 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,

And better, in my mind, not undertook.

LOR. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT at R. I E. with a letter. LORENZO sees him
and crosses to him at once.

LOR. Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

LAUN. (offering letter). An it shall please you to break up
this, it shall seem to signify.

LOR. (taking the letter). I know the hand; in faith, 'tis a
fair hand,

And whiter than the paper that it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ. (Goes R.)

LAUN. By your leave, sir.

(LORENZO reads the letter.)

LOR. (to LAUNCELOT). Whither goest thou?

LAUN. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup
to-night with my new master the Christian. (Follows LORENZO over to R., as if waiting for a tip.)

GRA. (coming down C. and beckoning SALANIO and SALARINO
to follow him; in a whisper to them). Love news, i' faith!

(GRATIANO comes down to L. of LAUNCELOT and behind him.

SALANIO comes down to L. of GRATIANO. SALARINO re-
mains up C.)

LAUN. (with a cough). By your leave, sir.

LOR. (reminded of LAUNCELOT, and stuffing letter in his belt). Hold here! take this. (Gives him a coin or ring.) Tell gentle Jessica I will not fail her; speak it privately.

(LAUNCELOT bows to LORENZO, and in so doing bumps into
GRATIANO, who is behind him. He backs around in front
of him, bowing humbly and in a wheedling way, as if sug-

gesting a tip, which GRATIANO gives him. In bowing himself back to L. from GRATIANO he bumps into SALANIO, with whom he has same business. Meanwhile GRATIANO runs round behind and stands back to LAUNCELOT as he backs away from SALANIO, so that he bumps him again. This may be repeated ad libitum, introducing also SALARINO and LORENZO if desired, until LAUNCELOT begins to suspect the trick. Then, instead of bumping into GRATIANO, who should recur for this business, he suddenly turns upon him, thrusts his tongue in his cheek, throws his cap on his head impudently, and exits L. into house. All laugh.)

LOR. (R. C.). Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

SALAR. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

SALAN. And so will I.

LOR. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

SALAR. 'Tis good we do so.

Exeunt SALARINO and SALANIO at R.

RING lights down for change.

GRA. (R. C.). Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

LOR. (L. C.). I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot
Unless she do it under this excuse.
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest;
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

Exeunt, R. I. E.

LIGHTS down.

CHANGE set.

Scene III.—Same set as Scene I of this Act—night. Darkness on bridge and a few lights on canal. As scene opens, a gondola bearing four people crosses stage under bridge from L. to R., and the sound of a mandolin and low murmurs of song. Several masked people with laughter cross the bridge and go off R. and L. A moment's silence and then the door to SHYLOCK'S house opens and SHYLOCK enters, followed by LAUNCELOT.

LIGHTS three-quarters down.

SHY. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge, The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio.

(Turns toward house and calls.) What, Jessica! (To LAUNCELOT.) Thou shalt not gormandize As thou hast done with me. (Calls again.) What, Jessica! (To LAUNCELOT.) And sleep and snore and rend apparel out. (Calls again.)

Why, Jessica, I say!

LAUN. (calling). Why, Jessica!

SHY. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

LAUN. Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA from house.

JES. (at door). Call you? What is your will? (Comes down.)

SHY. (c.). I am bid forth to supper, Jessica. There are my keys. (Gives keys.) But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me. But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl, Look to my house. I am right loath to go; There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest, For I did dream of money bags to-night.

LAUN. (R.). I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

SHY. So do I his.

LAUN. And they have conspired together. I will not say you shall see a masque, but if you do, then it was not for

nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

SHY. (*to LAUNCELOT*). What! are there masques? (*To JESSICA*.) Hear you me, Jessica.

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow poppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;
But I will go. (*To LAUNCELOT*.) Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come. (*Crosses toward house. JESSICA comes down R.*)

LAUN. I will go before, sir. (*LAUNCELOT crosses behind JESSICA and speaks over her shoulder.*)

Mistress, look out at window for all this;

There will come a Christian by
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.

Exit LAUNCELOT over bridge to L.

SHY. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

JES. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.

SHY. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder.

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat; drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica (*puts his hand on her head as if in blessing*), go in!

Perhaps I will return immediately!

Do as I bid you. (*JESSICA goes toward house.*)

Shut doors after you. Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

Exit SHYLOCK, slowly, over the bridge. JESSICA watches him out of sight.

JES. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

Exit JESSICA into house, L.

Enter SALANIO, GRATIANO and SALARINO from L. on bridge, encountering on bridge a group of masks. A little parley and laughter, during which time a gondola passes under the bridge from L. to R., and there are sounds of music. When that dies away the three men are left alone, laughing, on the bridge.)

GRA. (pointing to SHYLOCK's house). This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

SALAR. His hour is almost past.

GRA. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

SALAR. Oh, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

GRA. That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

(They descend from the bridge. As they turn toward the house, LORENZO enters in gondola. As he steps ashore he looks toward the window a moment. A light appears in window over door.)

SALAN. Here comes Lorenzo.

LOR. (in a whisper). Sweet friends, your patience for my
long abode;
Not I but my affairs have made you wait.
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you, then. Approach;

(They all approach the house, GRATIANO, SALARINO and SALANIO keeping in the shade. Sounds of song heard off at R.)

Here dwells my father Jew. (*Claps his hands three times and then speaks softly.*) Ho! Who's within?

(*The window opens, and JESSICA in boy's dress enters on the balcony.*)

JES. (*leaning over the balcony.*) Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty, Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

LOR. Lorenzo and thy love.

JES. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed; For who love I so much? And now who knows But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

LOR. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

JES. Here, catch this casket. (*Throws casket, which LORENZO catches and passes to GRATIANO.*) It is worth the pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me, For I am much ashamed of my exchange; But love is blind and lovers cannot see The pretty follies that themselves commit; For if they could, Cupid himself would blush To see me thus transformed to a boy.

LOR. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

JES. What, must I hold a candle to my shames? They in themselves, good sooth, are too, too light. Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love; And I should be obscur'd.

LOR. So are you, sweet, Even in the lovely garnish of a boy. But come at once; For the close night doth play the runaway, And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

JES. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

Exits from balcony, closing window; light disappears.

WARN curtain.

GRA. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.

LOR. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily,
 For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;
 And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;
 And true she is, as she hath proved herself ;
 And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,
 Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

MUSIC off.

(*Music, during which a band of masks cross the bridge. Just before the end the door opens and JESSICA appears. LORENZO goes to meet her at door.*)

What, art thou come? (*Throws his mantle about her.*) On,
 gentlemen — away!
 Our masking mates by this time for us stay.

RING curtain.

(*They all go up steps and over the bridge amidst another burst of song, as another gondola passes under the bridge.*)

CURTAIN.

NOTE.—*In Henry Irving's version, when the curtain was called on this picture, it showed SHYLOCK, lantern in hand, returning to his deserted house. He crossed the bridge, descended the steps, crossed to his door and, at first confidently, then nervously, rapped with the knocker as the curtain fell.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—*The set represents a magnificent hall in the house of PORTIA, at Belmont. The back of the room is composed of a row of colored columns through which one sees the terraced garden with trees, flowers and fountains. At L. is a sort of alcove, raised by three broad, shallow steps. This alcove, opening to the audience obliquely, is magnificently draped, and within stands a sort of altar on which are placed three caskets which hold PORTIA'S fate. When*

scene opens curtains conceal it. About the room are statues and rich furniture. As the curtain rises a procession enters from L. U. E., consisting of the followers of the PRINCE OF MOROCCO and the household of PORTIA, who is led in by the PRINCE himself. PORTIA is followed closely by NERISSA and a group of PAGES.

LIGHTS full up.

MOROCCO (*at c., addressing PORTIA*). Mislike me not for my complexion,

The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbor and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.

POR. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes ;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing.
But if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned Prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have looked on yet
For my affection.

MOR. Even for that I thank you ;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune.

POR. (*to her PAGES*). Draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble Prince.

(*The PAGES draw back the curtain. Then ATTENDANTS group themselves as if interested. To MOROCCO.*)

Now make your choice.

MOR. (*bowing low over PORTIA'S hand, turns toward the caskets and slowly mounts the steps to examine them. Takes up first*). The first, of gold, who this inscription bears ;

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
(Puts it down.)

(Takes up second.) The second, silver, which this promise carries:

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
(Pauses, then puts it down.)

(Takes up third.) This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."

(To PORTIA, who has seated herself at c.) How shall I know if I do choose the right?

POR. (who steadfastly, with an attempt at unconcern, has watched each movement as if afraid to breathe and by that breath give him the proper cue). The one of them contains my picture, Prince;

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

MOR. (turning back to caskets, still holding the leaden one in his hands). Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,

I will survey th' inscriptions back again.

What says this leaden casket? *(Reads.)*

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
(Ponders.)

Must give — for what? For lead? Hazard for lead?

This casket threatens. Men that hazard all.

Do it in hope of fair advantages;

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;

I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead. *(Puts down leaden casket.)*

What says the silver, with her virgin hue? *(Takes up silver casket. Reads.)*

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves." *(Reflects.)*

As much as he deserves? Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand.

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady.

As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady.

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces and in qualities of breeding;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.
 What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
 Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold. (*Puts down*
silver and takes up golden casket. Reads.)

“ Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.”
 Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her.
 From the four corners of the earth they come
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
 Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
 To think so base a thought; it were too gross
 To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
 Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
 Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold?
 Oh, sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
 Was set in worse than gold.
 Deliver me the key;

Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

POR. (with a sigh of relief, which she strives to conceal, takes
 a key from her girdle and gives it to a PAGE, who delivers
 it ceremoniously to MOROCCO). There, take it, Prince,
 and if my form lie there
 Then I am yours.

(*He unlocks the golden casket.*)

MOR. Oh, hell! what have we here!
 A carrion death, within whose empty eye
 There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing. (*Reads.*)

“ All that glitters is not gold,
 Often have you heard that told.
 Many a man his life hath sold
 But my outside to behold.
 Gilded tombs do worms enfold:
 Had you been as wise as bold,
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,
 Your answer had not been inscroll'd.
 Fare you well; your suit is cold.”

RING lights down for change.

Cold, indeed ; and labor lost.

Then, farewell heat and welcome frost.

(Descending steps. PORTIA rises as he approaches.) Portia, adieu ! I have too griev'd a heart

To take a tedious leave ; thus losers part. (With a low bow the PRINCE withdraws, followed by his suite, up R.)

POR. (who watches him well out of sight ; gaily). A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go. (PAGES draw curtains and go off L.)

(To NERISSA, as she throws an arm about her.) Let all of his complexion choose me so.

Exit gaily down L. with NERISSA.

LIGHTS down.

CHANGE set.

Scene II. — A narrow street in Venice. Same drop as that used for Scene 2 of Act II.

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO in conversation, from R.

LIGHTS full up.

SALAR. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail ;
With him is Gratiano gone along,
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

SALAN. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

SALAR. He came too late — the ship was under sail ;
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
Besides, Antonio certify'd the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

SALAN. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous and so variable
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets : (Imitating SHYLOCK.)
" My daughter ! Oh, my ducats ! Oh, my daughter !
Fled with a Christian ? Oh, my Christian ducats !

Justice! the law! my ducats and my daughter!"
Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

SALAR. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday, who told me that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrack'd on the narrow seas, the Goodwins, I think they call the place—a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

SALAN. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapp'd ginger or made her neighbors believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio—oh, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

SALAR. Come, the full stop.

SALAN. Ha? what say'st thou? Why, the end is he hath lost a ship.

SALAR. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

SALAN. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK, R., in a state of intense excitement. SALANIO and SALARINO pass to L.

How now, Shylock? What news among the merchants?

SHY. (at c.). You knew—none so well, none so well as you—of my daughter's flight.

SALAR. (railing). That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

SALAN. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

SHY. She is damn'd for it.

SALAR. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

SHY. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

SALAR. Tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

SHY. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a

beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart. Let him look to his bond. He was wont to call me usurer ; let him look to his bond. He was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy ; let him look to his bond.

SALAR. Why, I am sure if he forfeit thou wilt not take his flesh. What's that good for ?

SHY. To bait fish withal ; if it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me and hindered me half a million ; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies ; and what's his reason ? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes ? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a Christian is ? If you prick us, do we not bleed ? If you tickle us, do we not laugh ? If you poison us, do we not die ? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge ? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility ? Revenge ! If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example ? Why, revenge ! The villainy you teach me I will execute ; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

SALAN. Here comes another of the tribe ; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

Exeunt SALANIO and SALARINO at L.

Enter TUBAL at R. SHYLOCK goes to meet him and comes to c. with him.

SHY. How now, Tubal ? what news from Genoa ? Hast thou found my daughter ?

TUBAL. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

SHY. (*sobbing between rage and grief*). Why, there, there, there, there ! A diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort ! The curse never fell upon our nation till now ; I never felt it till now. Two thousand ducats in that ; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were

dead at my foot and the jewels in her ear! Would she were hears'd at my foot and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why so—and I know not what's spent in the search. Why, thou—loss upon loss! The thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

TUB. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa —

SHY. (*eagerly*). What, what, what? Ill luck, ill luck?

TUB. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

SHY. (*raising his clenched hands to Heaven*). I thank God, I thank God! (*To TUBAL*.) Is it true, is it true?

TUB. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.

SHY. (*with hands on TUBAL's shoulders*). I thank thee, good Tubal! Good news, good news. Ha! ha! Where? In Genoa?

TUB. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

SHY. (*changing to rage*). Thou stick'st a dagger in me! I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! Fourscore ducats!

TUB. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company in Venice that swear he cannot choose but break.

SHY. (*in wicked glee*). I am very glad of it; I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

TUB. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

SHY. (*sobbing in rage*). Out upon her! Thou tortur'est me, Tubal. It was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

TUB. But Antonio is certainly undone.

RING lights down for change.

SHY. (*with glee*). Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him if he forfeit; for were he out of

Venice I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue ; go, good Tubal ; at our synagogue, Tubal.

Exeunt, TUBAL at R., and SHYLOCK, in great excitement, at L.

LIGHTS down,

CHANGE set.

Scene III.—*Same set as Scene I of this Act. The stage is crowded with the followers of PORTIA and BASSANIO and his friends. The curtain before the caskets is already raised. PORTIA is at c. BASSANIO stands in front of her. At R. are GRATIANO and NERISSA, in conversation half serious half jocose.*

LIGHTS full up,

BASS. (to PORTIA). I am enjoined by oath to observe three things :

First, never to unfold to anyone
Which casket 'twas I chose ; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage ; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

POR. To these injunctions everyone doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

BASS. And so have I addressed me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope !

POR. I pray you, tarry ; pause a day or two
Before you hazard ; for in choosing wrong
I lose your company ; therefore forbear a while.
There's something tells me (but it is not love)
I would not lose you ; and you know yourself
Hate counsels not in such a quality ;
But lest you should not understand me well
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought),
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn ;

So will I never be ; so may you miss me ;
 But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
 That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
 They have o'erlooked me and divided me ;
 One-half of me is yours, the other half yours —
 Mine own, I would say ; but if mine, then yours,
 And so all yours.

I speak too long ; but 'tis to peize the time.
 To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
 To stay you from election.

BASS.

Let me choose ;

For as I am I live upon the rack ;

(All move away.) So let me to my fortune and the caskets.

POR. Away then. I am locked in one of them ;
 If you do love me you will find me out. (BASSANIO goes to L.

PORTIA turns toward NERISSA.)

Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.

(To a PAGE.) Let music sound while he doth make his
 choice. (PAGE goes off back. *Music.*)

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
 Fading in music. That the comparison
 May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
 And wat'ry death-bed for him.

(BASSANIO mounts steps to caskets and examines them.)

(A Song, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.)

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head ?
 How begot, how nourished ?

Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
 With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.
 Let us all ring fancy's knell ;
 I'll begin it — Ding, dong, bell.

ALL. Ding, dong, bell.

BASS. So may the outward shows be least themselves ;
 The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt

But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,
 What damned error but some sober brow
 Will bless it and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.

(PORTIA covers her face with her hands.)

Nor none of thee, thou stale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man ; but thou, thou meagre lead,
 Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
 Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence.
 And here choose I ; joy be the consequence !

POR. (rising erect). How all the other passions fleet to air,
 As doubtful thoughts and rash embrac'd despair,
 And shudd'ring fear and green-ey'd jealousy !

Oh, love ! (pressing both hands over her heart) be moderate,
 allay thy ecstasy,
 In measure rein thy joy, scant this excess ;
 I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
 For fear I surfeit ! (Gives key to PAGE, who takes it to BASSANIO.)

BASS. (opening casket). What find I here ?
 Fair Portia's counterfeit ! Here is the scroll,
 The continent and summary of my fortune. (Reads.)

“ You that choose not by the view,
 Chance as fair and choose as true !
 Since this fortune falls to you,
 Be content and seek no new.
 If you be well pleased with this,
 And hold your fortune for your bliss,
 Turn you where your lady is
 And claim her with a loving kiss.”

A gentle scroll. (Descends steps and crosses quickly to PORTIA.)
 Fair lady, by your leave

I come by note to give and to receive,
 As doubtful whether what I see be true,
 Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you. (*Kisses her.*)

POR. (*moving away from him after a moment's pause to recover herself*). You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,

Such as I am; though for myself alone
 I would not be ambitious in my wish,
 To wish myself much better; yet for you
 I would be trebled twenty times myself;
 A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich;
 That only to stand high in your account,
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
 Exceed account. But the full sum of me
 Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old
 But she may learn; happier than this,
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
 Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
 Commits itself to yours to be directed,
 As from her lord, her governor, her king.
 Myself and what is mine to you and yours
 Is now converted; but now I was the lord
 Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
 Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
 This house, these servants and this same myself
 Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring (*takes ring from her finger*);
 Which when you part from, lose or give away,
 Let it presage the ruin of your love,
 And be my vantage to exclaim on you. (*Places it on his hand.*)

BASS. Madam, you have bereft me of all words;
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins.
 But when this ring
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
 Oh, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

NER. (*who, during the scene between PORTIA and BASSANIO, has been following it with GRATIANO in a sort of pantomime imitation of the same, giving to GRATIANO a ring as POR-*

TIA has given to BASSANIO, now steps forward to L. C., with GRATIANO a few paces behind her). My lord and lady, it is now our time,

That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry good joy; good joy, my lord and lady!

GRA. (R.). My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me.
And when your honors mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

BASS. (L. C.). With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

GRA. I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid. (*Giving his hand to Nerissa.*)

You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again;
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last — if promise last —
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

POR. Is this true, Nerissa?

NER. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

BASS. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

GRA. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

BASS. Our feast shall be much honor'd in your marriage.

GRA. (*looking off, up L.*). But who comes here? Lorenzo
and his infidel?

What, and my old Venetian friend, Salanio?

**Enter SALANIO, followed by LORENZO and JESSICA, from L.
back over terrace.**

BASS. (*going up*). Lorenzo and Salanio, welcome hither!
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. (*To PORTIA.*) By your
leave,

I bid my very friends and countrymen,
 Sweet Portia, welcome. (*Coming down; JESSICA remains up L.*)
 POR. (c.). So do I, my lord.

They are entirely welcome.

LOR. (L.). I thank your honor. For my part, my lord,
 My purpose was not to have seen you here;
 But meeting with Salanio by the way,
 He did entreat me past all saying nay
 To come with him along.

SALAN. (L. C.). I did, my lord,
 And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
 Commends him to you. (*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*)

BASS. (*to SALANIO*). Ere I ope his letter,
 I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

SALAN. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
 Nor well, unless in mind; his letter there
 Will show you his estate.

(*BASSANIO goes R. and opens letter.*)

GRA. (R.). Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.

(*NERISSA joins JESSICA; GRATIANO crosses to SALANIO.*)

Your hand, Salanio; what's the news from Venice?
 How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
 I know he will be glad of our success;
 We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

SALAN. 'Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!'

POR. (*watching BASSANIO's emotion as he reads letter.*). There
 are some shrewd contents in yon' same paper

That steal the color from Bassanio's cheek.

Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
 Could turn so much the constitution

Of any constant man. What, worse and worse? (*Approaches*

BASSANIO and places her hand on his shoulder.)
 With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
 And I must freely have the half of anything
 That this same paper brings you.

BASS. Oh, sweet Portia,
 Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words

That ever blotted paper ! Gentle lady,
 When I did first impart my love to you,
 I freely told you all the wealth I had
 Ran in my veins — I was a gentleman ;
 And then I told you true. And yet, dear lady,
 Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
 How much I was a braggart. When I told you
 My state was nothing, I should then have told you
 That I was worse than nothing ; for, indeed,
 I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
 Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
 To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
 The paper as the body of my friend,
 And every word in it a gaping wound
 Issuing life-blood. (*Turning to SALANIO. Returning to c. with PORTIA.*) But is it true, Salanio ?
 Have all his ventures fail'd ? (*SALANIO nods affirmation.*)
 What, not one hit ?
 From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
 From Lisbon, Barbary and India ?
 And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
 Of merchant-marring rocks ?

SALAN. (L.). Not one, my lord.
 Besides, it should appear that if he had
 The present money to discharge the Jew,
 He would not take it. Never did I know
 A creature that did bear the shape of man
 So keen and greedy to confound a man.
 He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
 And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
 If they deny him justice ; twenty merchants,
 The Duke himself and the magnificoes
 Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him,
 But none can drive him from the envious plea
 Of forfeiture, of justice and his bond.

JES. (*coming down R. with NERISSA*). When I was with
 him, I have heard him swear
 To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
 That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
 Than twenty times the value of the sum
 That he did owe him ; and I know, my lord,

If law, authority and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

POR. (c.). Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

BASS. (l. c.). The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honor more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

POR. What sum owes he the Jew?

BASS. For me, three thousand ducats.

POR. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand and deface the bond;
Double six thousand and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you stay by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

RING lights down for change.

BASS. (*reads*). "Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

POR. Oh, love! Despatch all business and be gone!

BASS. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but till I come again
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

Exeunt PORTIA and BASSANIO *up* R., followed by GRATIANO and NERISSA, leading SALANIO, LORENZO and JESSICA, PAGES and the entire train.

LIGHTS down.

CHANGE set.

Scene IV. — *A street in Venice.* Same as that used for Scene 2 in Acts II and III.

LIGHTS up.

Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO and GAOLER from R.

SHY. (c.). Gaoler, look to him ; tell not me of mercy. This is the fool that lent out money gratis ; Gaoler, look to him.

ANT. (*up* R. c.). Hear me yet, good Shylock.

SHY. I'll have my bond ; speak not against my bond ; I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond. Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause ; But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs. The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder, Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond To come abroad with him at his request.

ANT. I pray thee, hear me speak.

SHY. I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak ; I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more. I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool, To shake the hand, relent, and sigh, and yield To Christian intercessors. Follow not ; I'll have no speaking ; I will have my bond.

Exit SHYLOCK, L.

SALAN. (l.). It is the most impenetrable cur That ever kept with men.

ANT. (c.). Let him alone ; I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers. He seeks my life ; his reasons well I know. I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures Many that have at times made moan to me ; Therefore he hates me.

SALAN. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

ANT. The Duke cannot deny the course of law ;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state ;

RING lights down for change.

Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go.
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.

Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not !

Exeunt, L.

LIGHTS down.

CHANGE set.

Scene V. — *The home of PORTIA at Belmont. Loft room with antique furniture. Large and massive carved table up L. C., with huge, carved, straight-backed chair with heavy arms. Similar chairs about room, which is hung with tapestry.*

LIGHTS up.

(*PORTIA is discovered at table with NERISSA leaning on back of her chair, and BALTHAZAR standing before her. LORENZO and JESSICA are together down R. C.*)

LOR. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of godlike amity, which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honor,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

POR. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now.

This comes too near the praising of myself !
Therefore, no more of it ; hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return.

My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.

LOR. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you.

JES. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

POR. I thank you for your wish and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you ; fare you well, Jessica.

Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO up R. C.

(As soon as they are off PORTIA rises, and sitting on arm of her chair, speaks hurriedly to servant.)

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter (*gives him a letter*),
And use thou all the endeavor of a man
In speed to Padua ; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario ;
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee.
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone. I shall be there before thee.

BALTH. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Exit down L

POR. Come on, Nerissa ; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of ; we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

WARN curtain.

NER.

Shall they see us?

POR. They shall, Nerissa. I'll hold thee any wager,
 When we are both accoutred like young men,
 I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
 And wear my dagger with the braver grace ;
 And speak, between the change of man and boy,
 With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps
 Into a manly stride (*strides down R. with a mannish gait*), and
 speak of frays
 Like a fine bragging youth ; and tell quaint lies (*stroking an
 imaginary moustache with one hand ; other hand as if on
 hilt of sword*) —
 How honorable ladies sought my love,
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died ;
 I could not do withal ; then I'll repent,
 And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them. (*Laughing gaily.*)
 But, come. (*Giving her hand to NERISSA.*) I'll tell thee all
 my whole device
 When I am in my coach, which stays for us
 At the park gate ; and therefore haste away,
 For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

Exeunt hurriedly.**RING quick curtain.****QUICK CURTAIN.**

ACT IV.

Scene. — *Court of Justice in the Ducal Palace at Venice. A large room with painted ceiling and walls. Along the L. wall a raised platform on which is the DUKE's seat and those of the Council of Venice. It is approached by half a dozen carpeted steps, the carved seats being placed against the walls like stalls in a church choir. In the R. wall of the room the entrances. Across the back is a barrier of carved wood, and behind is a crowd of the Venetian popu-*

lace in picturesque dress. Down L. C. is a wide flat-topped desk on which are books, and behind it, facing the audience, is seated the CLERK. Two low broad-backed chairs are beside the table, and a stool. GUARDS at door and up stage to keep populace in order. On table are bags of money. At the rise of curtain BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO and SALARINO are already on the stage, down at extreme L., in conversation. A flourish of trumpets, and the DUKE enters with his train. As he crosses the stage all bow before him. He mounts the platform and seats himself, the Council taking its place on either side of him. GRATIANO and SALARINO cross to R.

LIGHTS full up.

DUKE. What, is Antonio here?

ANT. (stepping forward, facing DUKE). Ready, so please Your Grace.

DUKE (to ANTONIO). I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Incapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

ANT. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUKE. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

(GUARD opens door at R.)

SALAN. He is ready at the door. He comes, my lord.

DUKE. Make room, and let him stand before our face.

(ANTONIO steps back beside BASSANIO.)

Enter SHYLOCK. The DUKE studies him as he crosses to C., facing him. The populace push and crowd to see him.

DUKE. Shylock, the world thinks — and I think so, too —
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act ; and then, 'tis thought
Thou'l show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.
And where thou now exact'st the penalty
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back —
Enough to press a royal merchant down
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHY. (c.). I have possess'd Your Grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats ? I'll not answer that,
But say it is my humor. Is it answer'd ?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned ? What, are you answer'd yet ?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat.
Now for your answer :
As there is no firm reason to be render'd
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?
BASS. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

SHY. (*to BASSANIO*). I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

BASS. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHY. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASS. Every offence is not a hate at first.

SHY. What! wouldest thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

ANT. (*placing his hand on BASSANIO's shoulder to restrain him*). I pray you think — you question with the Jew;

You may as well go stand upon the beach

And bid the main flood bate its usual height;

You may as well use question with the wolf

Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;

You may as well forbid the mountain pines

To wag their high tops and to make no noise

When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;

You may as well do anything most hard

As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)

His Jewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you

Make no more offers, use no further means,

But, with all brief and plain conveniency,

Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.

BASS. (*to SHYLOCK*). For thy three thousand ducats here is six. (*Approaching desk and placing his hands on the bags of coin there*.)

SHY. (*facing BASSANIO, as he speaks slowly and emphatically, tapping the bags with his knife, which he draws from his girdle*). If every ducat in six thousand ducats

Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,

I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

DUKE (*to SHYLOCK*). How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

SHY. (*facing the DUKE*). What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave

Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,

You use in abject and in slavish parts

Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,

Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?

Why sweat they under burdens? Let their beds

Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates

Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
 The slaves are ours. So do I answer you.
 The pound of flesh which I demand of him
 Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
 If you deny me, fie upon your law!
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
 I stand for judgment. Answer; shall I have it?

DUKE. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court
 Unless Bellario, a learned doctor
 Whom I have sent for to determine this,
 Come here to-day.

(GUARD enters and whispers to SALARINO.)

SALAR. (*stepping forward*). My lord, here stays without
 A messenger with letters from the doctor,
 New come from Padua.

DUKE. Bring us the letters. Call the messenger.

Exit SALARINO at R.

BASS. (*both hands on ANTONIO's shoulders*). Good cheer,
 Antonio! What, man? Courage yet!
 The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,
 Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ANT. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
 Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
 Droops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
 You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
 Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

Enter SALARINO at R., showing in NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk. NERISSA crosses to DUKE.

DUKE (*to NERISSA*). Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
 NER. (*at foot of steps; bows*). From both, my lord. Bellario greets Your Grace. (*Presents a letter*.)

(During this scene, while DUKE reads letter, SHYLOCK whets his knife on the sole of his boot.)

BASS. (L.). Why does thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

SHY. (C.). To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

GRA. (R.). Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can —

No, not the hangman's axe — bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

SHY. No; none that thou hast wit enough to make.

GRA. Oh, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men; thy currish spirit

Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires

Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd and ravenous.

SHY. (*still whetting his knife*). Till thou canst rail the seal
from off my bond (*taps the bond at his belt with knife*),

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall

To cureless ruin. (*Rises.*) I stand here for law.

BASS. (*finishing letter*). This letter from Bellario doth
commend

A young and learned doctor to our court.

(*To NERISSA.*) Where is he?

NER. He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

DUKE. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous welcome to this place.

Exeunt SALARINO and GRATIANO at R.

Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

(*DUKE passes letter to CLERK, who rises in his place behind
table and reads.*)

CLERK. "Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt
of your letter I am very sick, but in the instant that your

messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause of controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant. We turned o'er many books together. He is furnish'd with my opinion, which, better'd with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up Your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

DUKE. You hear the learned Bellario what he writes; And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Re-enter SALARINO and GRATIANO, *conducting* PORTIA, *dressed as a Doctor of Law, in red robe and cap. She crosses to DUKE and mounts steps to take the hand he offers.*

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

POR. I did, my lord.

DUKE. You are welcome; take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

(PORTIA *steps to seat at R. of table, c. NERISSA places books on table and sits on stool.*)

POR. (sits c.). I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here and which the Jew?

DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

(SHYLOCK *steps forward R. c. and faces PORTIA. ANTONIO at L. C.)*

POR. (to SHYLOCK). Is your name Shylock?

SHY. Shylock is my name.

POR. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.

(To ANTONIO.) You stand within his danger, do you not?

ANT. Ay ; so he says.

POR. Do you confess the bond ?

ANT. I do.

POR. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHY. On what compulsion must I ? Tell me that.

POR. (rising). The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd :
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown.
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings,
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this —
 That in the course of justice none of us
 Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy,
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
 Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHY. My deeds upon my head. I crave the law,
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

POR. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

BASS. (stepping forward to table and showing money bags.

PORTIA gives him a quizzical look as he faces SHYLOCK).

Yes ; here I tender't for him in the court —

Yea, twice the sum ; if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.

(PORTIA arches her eyebrows, then turns calmly to SHYLOCK to conceal the movement.)

If this will not suffice, it must appear
 That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,

Wrest once the law to your authority ;
 To do a great right, do a little wrong ;
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

POR. It must not be ; there is no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree established ;
 'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
 And many an error, by the same example,
 Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

SHY. (*gloating over BASSANIO*). A Daniel come to judgment !
 Yea, a Daniel !
 (*Approaching PORTIA and kissing her robe*.) Oh, wise young
 judge, how do I honor thee !

POR. (*to SHYLOCK*). I pray you, let me look upon the
 bond.

SHY. (*servilely taking it from his breast ; as he carefully but
 eagerly unfolds it*). Here 'tis, most reverend doctor,
 here it is. (*Gives it to PORTIA and rubs his hands*.)

POR. (*taking it, but addressing SHYLOCK before looking at the
 bond*). Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

SHY. (*still rubbing his hands*). An oath, an oath, I have
 an oath in heaven.

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?
 No ! not for Venice !

POR. (*slowly turns her eyes to the bond*). Why, this bond
 is forfeit ;
 And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
 A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
 Nearest the merchant's heart. (*To SHYLOCK*.) Be merciful !

Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

SHY. (*quickly, as PORTIA makes a movement to do so, preventing her*). When it is paid according to the tenor.
 It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;
 You know the law ; your exposition
 Hath been most sound ; I charge you by the law,
 Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
 Proceed to judgment ; by my soul, I swear
 There is no power in the tongue of man
 To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

ANT. (L.). Most heartily I do beseech the court
 To give the judgment.

POR.

Why, then, thus it is.

(To ANTONIO.) You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

(ANTONIO, in spite of BASSANIO'S tears, opens the neck of his doublet.)

SHY. Oh, noble judge! Oh, excellent young man!

POR. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.SHY. 'Tis very true. Oh, wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

POR. (to ANTONIO). Therefore, lay bare thy bosom.

(ANTONIO does so.)

SHY. Ay, his breast,
So says the bond. Doth it not, noble judge?(Pointing to words in the bond with point of his knife.) Near-
est his heart. (Knife on the words.) Those are the
very words.POR. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?SHY. (taking a balance from his breast; movement of excite-
ment in the populace and of disgust among other characters).
I have them ready.POR. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

SHY. (looking at bond). Is it so nominated in the bond?

POR. It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'Twas good you do so much for charity.SHY. (still examining bond). I cannot find it; 'tis not in
the bond.POR. (to ANTONIO). Come, merchant, have you anything
to say?ANT. But little; I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, Bassanio. (Takes both BASSANIO'S
hands. The latter tries vainly to master himself. PORTIA
watches them keenly, SHYLOCK with impatience). Fare
you well!

Grieve not that I have fall'n to this for you,

For herein fortune shows herself more kind
 Than is her custom; it is still her use
 To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
 To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
 An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
 Of such a misery does she cut me off.
 Command me to your honorable wife.
 Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
 Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death.
 And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
 Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
 Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
 And he repents not that he pays your debt;
 For if the Jew do cut but deep enough
 I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

BASS. Antonio, I am married to a wife
 Which is as dear to me as life itself;
 But life itself, my wife and all the world,
 Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.
 I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,
 Here to this devil to deliver you.

(PORTIA *coughs and wipes her mouth with her handkerchief to conceal a smile.*)

GRA. I have a wife whom, I protest, I love.

(NERISSA *turns quite round to examine him as he speaks.*)

I would she were in heaven, so she could
 Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

(NERISSA *laughs and chokes to conceal it.*)

SHY. *(aside).* These be the Christian husbands! I have
 a daughter —
 'Would any of the stock of Barrabas
 Had been her husband rather than a Christian!
 (To PORTIA.) We trifle time. I pray thee, pursue sentence.
 POR. *(to SHYLOCK).* A pound of that same merchant's
 flesh is thine;
 The court awards it and the law doth give it.

SHY. Most rightful judge!

POR. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast ;
The law allows it and the court awards it.

SHY. Most learned judge ! A sentence — come, prepare.

(Approaches ANTONIO with his knife in his hand. ANTONIO bares his breast. PORTIA steps between them.)

POR. Tarry a little. There is something else. (Pause of surprise.)

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh.
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

(SHYLOCK falls back. BASSANIO grasps ANTONIO by the shoulders. GRATIANO and SALANIO burst into laughter. The populace shows excitement and is calmed by GUARDS.)

GRA. (imitating SHYLOCK'S manner earlier in the scene). Oh, upright judge ! (Mockingly to SHYLOCK.) Mark, Jew — oh, learned judge !

SHY. (dismayed; to PORTIA). Is that the law ?

POR. (to SHYLOCK, as she turns over pages of a book NERISSA gives her). Thyself shall see the act ;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

GRA. (mockingly). Oh, learned judge ! Mark, Jew — a learned judge !

SHY. I take this offer, then ; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

BASS. (picking up bags). Here is the money.

POR. (waving him back). Stop !

The Jew shall have all justice — soft ! no haste ;
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

GRA. Oh, Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

POR. (to SHYLOCK). Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more,
 But just a pound of flesh. If thou tak'st more
 Or less than a just pound — be it but so much
 As makes it light or heavy in the substance
 Or the division of the twentieth part
 Of one poor scruple ; nay, if the scale do turn
 But in the estimation of a hair —
 Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

GRA. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

POR. Why doth the Jew pause ? Take thy forfeiture.

SHY. (to BASSANIO). Give me my principal and let me go.

BASS. (to SHYLOCK). I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

POR. (to BASSANIO). He hath refus'd it in the open court.
 He shall have merely justice and his bond.

GRA. A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

SHY. (to PORTIA). Shall I not have barely my principal ?

POR. (to SHYLOCK). Thou shalt have nothing but the for-
 feiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

SHY. Why, then, the devil give him good of it !

I'll stay no longer question. (Angrily starts to go to R.)

POR. Tarry, Jew.

(SHYLOCK turns.)

The law hath yet another hold on you.
 It is enacted in the laws of Venice (*turning leaves of book*),
 If it be prov'd against an alien
 That by direct or indirect attempts
 He seek the life of any citizen,
 The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
 Shall seize one-half his goods ; the other half
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state,
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy
 Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
 In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st ;
 For it appears by manifest proceeding,
 That, indirectly and directly too,
 Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore and beg mercy of the Duke.

(As SHYLOCK is about to fall to his knees GRATIANO seizes him by shoulders and holds him up.)

GRA. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself.
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge. (Lets SHYLOCK fall to his knees.)

DUKE. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth it is Antonio's ;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.

POR. Ay, for the state ; not for Antonio.

SHY. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that.
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

POR. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

GRA. (to ANTONIO). A halter gratis ; nothing else, for
God's sake !

ANT. So please my lord the Duke and all the court,
To quit the fine for one-half of his goods
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things provided more — that for this favor
He presently become a Christian ;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

DUKE. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

POR. (to SHYLOCK). Art thou contented, Jew ? What
dost thou say ?

SHY. I am content.

POR. (to CLERK). Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

SHY. (rises from his knees). I pray you, give me leave to go from hence ;
I am not well ; send the deed after me
And I will sign it.

DUKE. Get thee gone, but do it.

(SHYLOCK turns to go off R.)

GRA. (plucking him by the sleeve). In christening thou shalt have two godfathers ;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font.

Exit SHYLOCK at R., hooted by crowd.

DUKE (rising and descending steps to PORTIA). Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

POR. (to DUKE, as they cross stage together). I humbly do desire Your Grace of pardon ;

I must away this night toward Padua.

And it is meet I presently set forth.

DUKE. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman ;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

PORIA and DUKE salute one another. Exeunt, at R., DUKE and COUNCIL. The populace go off slowly at back, pushing and chaffing. BASSANIO and ANTONIO, at L., approach PORTIA, who is at C. GRATIANO and SALANIO talk with NERISSA, who crosses to R. C. PORTIA covers her mouth with her handkerchief as BASSANIO approaches her, and struts a bit with a thumb in the arm-size of her robe.

BASS. (L. C.). Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew, We freely cope your courteous pains withal,

ANT. (L.). And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

POR. (C.). He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.

(To BASSANIO, who eyes her curiously.) I pray you, know
me when we meet again;

I wish you well, and so I take my leave. (Starts to go R.)

BASS. (detaining her). Dear sir, of force I must attempt
you further

Take some remembrance of us as a tribute.

Not as a fee; grant me two things, I pray you—
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

POR. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.

(To ANTONIO.) Give me (pauses as if seeking something to
ask for; sees his gloves) your gloves.

(ANTONIO gives them with a laugh).

I'll wear them for your sake,
And for your love. (To BASSANIO, as if suddenly seeing the
ring she had given him in the previous act.) I'll take this
ring from you.

(BASSANIO suddenly draws back his hand.)

Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

BASS. This ring, good sir—alas, it is a trifle.
I will not shame myself to give you this.

POR. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

BASS. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

POR. (shrugging her shoulders). I see, sir, you are liberal
in offers.

You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

BASS. (*frankly*). Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife ;
And when she put it on she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

POR. (*curling her lip*). That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,

WARN curtain.

She would not hold out enemy forever
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you ! (*Waves her hand carelessly*.)

Exeunt PORTIA and NERISSA at R.

ANT. My Lord' Bassanio, let him have the ring ;
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

BASS. (*gives ring to GRATIANO*). Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him ;
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house. Away ! make haste !

Exit GRATIANO at R.

(*To ANTONIO*.) Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio.

RING quick curtain.

Exeunt, at R.

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT V.

Scene.— *The garden of PORTIA's house at Belmont. At r., broad entrance to the house is visible, approached by a stately flight of steps and portico. Dim lights within. At back, diagonally across the upper half of stage, a terrace with a stone balustrade from which stone steps descend to stage. On the terrace, amidst tall urns of flowers, plays a fountain.*

(Down r. c., a low stone seat on which JESSICA is seated with LORENZO at her feet. Music as the curtain rises and for a few seconds after it is up.)

MOONLIGHT on set.

MUSIC at rise.

LOR. The moon shines bright — in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise — in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid lay that night.

JES. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

LOR. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

JES. And in such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

LOR. And in such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

JES. I would out-night you, did nobody come,
But, hark! (*They listen.*) I hear the footing of a man.

(LORENZO rises and STEPHANO appears on terrace.)

LOR. (at c.). Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
STEPHANO. A friend.

LOR. A friend? What friend? Your name, I pray you, friend?

STEPH. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

(JESSICA rises and comes to c. to LORENZO. STEPHANO comes down.)

LOR. He is not; nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house. (*Gives his hand to JESSICA. They go to L. and are about to enter, when the voice of LAUNCELOT is heard off R.*)

LAUN. (within). Sola, sola! Wo, ha, ho! Sola, sola!
LOR. Who calls?

Enter LAUNCELOT on terrace.

LAUN. Sola! Did you see master Lorenzo and mistress Lorenzo? Sola, sola!

LOR. Leave hollaing, man; here.

LAUN. Sola? Where? Where?

LOR. Here.

LAUN. Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news. My master will be here ere morning.

Exit on terrace at L.

LOR. (to JESSICA). Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter — why should we go in ?
 My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
 Within the house your mistress is at hand.
 And bring your music forth into the air.

Exit STEPHANO *into house at L.* LORENZO and JESSICA *return to seat at L. C.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
 Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears ; soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica.

(JESSICA *sits once more and LORENZO sits beside her. Both gaze at the sky.*)

Look ! how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins.
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in we cannot hear it.

MUSIC outside.

JES. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

LOR. The reason is, your spirits are attentive ;
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
 By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods ;
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils ;
Let no such man be trusted.

Enter quietly on terrace, PORTIA and NERISSA. *They pause at the top of the steps. PORTIA points to the light within the portico of the house.)*

POR. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

(As she speaks LORENZO rises and goes up stage with JESSICA.)

LOR. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

POR. (to NERISSA). He knows me as the blind man knows
the cuckoo —
By the bad voice.

LOR. (laughing). Dear lady, welcome home.

POR. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they returned ? (Descends with NERISSA, and gives her
hand to LORENZO, which he kisses.)

LOR. Madam, they are not yet ;
But there is come a messenger before
To signify their coming.

POR. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence ;
Nor you, Lorenzo — Jessica, nor you.

Exit NERISSA into house at L.

LOR. (R.). Your husband is at hand ; I hear his trumpet,

TRUMPET sounds off R.

We are no tell-tales, madam ; fear you not.

POR. (C.). This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick,
It looks a little paler ; 'tis a day
Such as a day is when the sun is hid.

Enter ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO and their followers, from r. As BASSANIO descends the steps from terrace, PORTIA hastens to greet him. NERISSA re-enters and goes hurriedly to GRATIANO, with whom she converses up l. LORENZO and JESSICA stroll on terrace.

You are welcome home, my lord.

BASS. (*embracing her*). I thank you, madam; give welcome to my friend. (*Presenting ANTONIO*.)

This is the man.—this is Antonio —

To whom I am so infinitely bound.

POR. (*giving ANTONIO her hand*). You should in all sense be much bound to him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

ANT. No more than I am well acquitted of.

POR. Sir, you are very welcome to our house.

It must appear in other ways than words,

Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.

GRA. (*whose conversation with NERISSA has become very animated*). By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong; In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.

POR. (*turning toward them*). A quarrel, ho, already? What's the matter?

GRA. (*to PORTIA*). About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring That she did give me; whose posy was For all the world like cutler's poetry Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not." (*Comes down L. C.*)

NER. (*following him*). What talk you of the posy or the value?

You swore to me when I did give it you
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave.

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! No, Heaven's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

GRA. He will, an if he live to be a man.

NER. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

GRA. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,

No higher than thyself ; the judge's clerk ;
 A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee ;
 I could not for my heart deny it him.

POR. (c., to GRATIANO). You were to blame—I must be plain with you—
 To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ;
 A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
 And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.

(BASSANIO at R. C. conceals his hand.)

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
 Never to part with it. (Turns to BASSANIO.) And here he stands.

I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it,
 Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
 That the world masters. (Turning back to GRATIANO.)

Now, in faith, Gratiano,
 You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief ;
 An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

BASS. (aside). Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
 And swear I lost the ring defending it.

GRA. (to PORTIA). My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
 Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
 Deserv'd it, too ; and then the boy, his clerk,
 That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine.
 And neither man nor master would take aught
 But the two rings.

POR. (to BASSANIO). What ring gave you, my lord ?
 Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

BASS. If I could add a lie unto a fault
 I would deny it. (Holding out his hand.) But you see my finger

Hath not the ring upon it ; it is gone.

POR. Even so void is your false heart of truth !
 By Heaven, I will ne'er come in your sight
 Until I see the ring. (Goes up stage R. C., holding up the hand on which is the ring.)

NER. (following PORTIA L. C., with same business). Nor I
 in yours
 Till I again see mine.

BASS. (*following PORTIA on R., protesting*). Sweet Portia,
 If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
 If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
 And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
 And how unwillingly I left the ring,
 When nought would be accepted but the ring,
 You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

POR. (*coming down R. C., followed by BASSANIO, R.*). If you
 had known the virtue of the ring,
 Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
 Or your own honor to retain the ring,
 You would not then have parted with the ring.
 What man is there so much unreasonable,
 If you had pleas'd to have defended it
 With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
 To urge the thing held as a ceremony ?
 Nerissa teaches me what to believe ;
 I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.

BASS. No, by mine honor, madam, by my soul,
 No woman had it but a civil doctor,
 Even he that had held up the very life
 Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady ?
 I was enforced to send it after him.
 I was beset with shame and courtesy.
 My honor would not let ingratitude
 So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
 And by these blessed candles of the night,
 Had you been there I think you would have begged
 The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

POR. (*going up stage, R. C., accompanied by NERISSA, L. C., followed by BASSANIO, R., and GRATIANO, L.*). Let not
 that doctor e'er come near my house ;
 Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
 And that which you did swear to keep for me,
 I will become as liberal as you.
 I'll not deny him anything I have.

(*Up stage she and NERISSA compare rings before turning to come down, still followed by BASSANIO and GRATIANO.*)

NER. Nor I his clerk ; therefore be well advised
 How you do leave me to mine own protection.

(As they come down, ANTONIO steps from the extreme R., where he has watched the scene, to R. C., between PORTIA and BASSANIO.)

ANT. (to PORTIA). I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

POR. (to ANTONIO, pausing at C.). Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome, notwithstanding.

BASS. (R.). Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong, And in the hearing of these many friends I swear to thee, even by thine fair eyes, Wherein I see myself —

POR. (C.). Mark you but that! In both my eyes he doubly sees himself; In each eye, one. Swear by your double self, And there's an oath of credit.

BASS. Nay, but hear me. Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear I never more will break an oath with thee.

ANT. (R. C., to PORTIA). I once did lend my body for his wealth, Which but for him that had your husband's ring Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound again, My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord Will never more break faith advisedly.

POR. (to ANTONIO). Then you shall be his surety. Give him this, And bid him keep it better than the other. (Takes ring from her finger and gives it to ANTONIO.)

ANT. (passing the ring to BASSANIO). Here, Lord Bassanio, swear to keep this ring.

BASS. (takes the ring and places it on his hand; then stands amazed, looking from ring to PORTIA and back again. He moves to R. C. ANTONIO goes R., accompanying this business. NERISSA, at L. C., has given her ring to GRATIANO at L.). By Heaven! it is the same I gave the doctor.

PORTIA (falling on her knees in simulated tears). I had it of him; pardon me, Bassanio.

NER. (imitating PORTIA'S business). And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;

For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk, Did give me this.

GRA. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, when the ways are fair enough.

POR. (rising; laughing). You are all amaz'd.
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure. (Gives letter to
BASSANIO.)

It comes from Padua, from Bellario.

There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there, her clerk. (Seriously giving both hands to AN-
TONIO.)

Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect; unseal this letter soon. (Gives him a
letter.)

There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbor suddenly.

(ANTONIO goes R. to read letter.)

BASS. (to PORTIA). Were you the doctor and I knew you
not? (Embraces her.)

GRA. (to NERISSA). Were you the clerk and yet I knew
you not? (Embraces her.)

ANT. (approaching PORTIA). Sweet lady, you have given
me life and living;

WARN curtain.

For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

POR. It is almost morning;
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

**Exeunt slowly into house as curtain falls, PORTIA between
BASSANIO and ANTONIO, GRATIANO and NERISSA, LOR-
ENZO and JESSICA, following.**

RING slow curtain.

CURTAIN.

NEW COMEDIES.

BACHELOR HALL.

An Original Comedy in Three Acts.

By RACHEL E. BAKER and ROBERT MELVILLE BAKER,
AUTHORS OF "MR. BOB," "FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY," "THE CHAPERON," "A
KING'S DAUGHTER," "HER PICTURE," "NO MEN WANTED,"
"BLACK MAGIC," "AN AWKWARD SQUAD," ETC.

Eight males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior, the same for all three acts. A clever piece, clean, bright, interesting, and sure to make a "hit." Every part a good one. Pinkerton Case, an amateur detective, is a great part, and a sure laugh producer. Irish and negro comedy. Strongly recommended. Can be played only on payment of an author's royalty of \$5.00 for each performance. Plays a full evening.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

CHARACTERS:

THE HON. GEOFFRY MYRTLETON, Congressman from the Ninth District	Leading Comedy
SILAS JERVIS	Character
ELISHA BASSET } Myrtleton's constituents from Rambletown	Character
ENSIGN MEREDITH, acting under sealed orders	Juvenile
PINKERTON CASE, an amateur detective	Eccentric Comedy
VERE LEE, an amateur actor and author of the "Fatal Shot"	Juvenile
JASPER, the butler at Bachelor Hall	Negro Comedy
O'ROURKE, a policeman	Irish Comedy
BETTY VANCE, Myrtleton's ward	Soubrette
POLLY REYNOLDS, an amateur actress	Soubrette
MRS. VAN STYNE, who has dramatic aspirations	Character
CLAIRE, her daughter who has not	Character

SYNOPSIS:

ACT I.—The living room at Bachelor Hall. The great trunk mystery.

ACT II.—The same. The fatal shot. "Enjoy yourself."

ACT III.—The same once more. Pinkerton Case. The highest bidder.

IN HONOR BOUND.

A Drama in One Act.

By SYDNEY GRUNDY.

Two males, two females. Costumes, modern; scenery, simple. This admirable little play, condensed from a five-act comedy, is a giant among one-act pieces. It provides for its actors a wholly exceptional opportunity for the display of their talents, and for its audience a piece of very unusual strength of interest. A guaranteed success in almost any hands. Plays about an hour.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

NEW PLAYS.

BAR HAVEN.

A Comedy in Three Acts.

By GORDAN V. MAY,

AUTHOR OF "AT RANDOM RUN," ETC.

Six males, five females. Costumes, modern ; scenery, two interiors and an exterior, not difficult. Plays two hours. An excellent piece, cleverly mingling a strongly sympathetic serious interest with abundant humor. Offers a great variety of good parts of nearly equal opportunity. Admirably suited for amateur performance, and strongly recommended.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

CHARACTERS:

CAPTAIN HIRAM HOPPER, *an old fisherman.*
HARDY STONE, *his helper. With ambition to be something better.*
LEO. BRADLEY, *in search of an heir.*
GIDEON GRAHAM, *a wealthy rascal.*
REV. JOHN WESLEY WIGGINS, *parson at Bar Haven.*
CY BRACKETT, *who is fishing for fish and Arbella.*
MRS. WARDELL, *of the "Manor."*
FLORENCE WARDELL, *her daughter.*
KATE WARDELL, *who comes into her own.*
SPRAY HOPPER, *the captain's daughter who laughs at love.*
ARBELLA WORTENDYKE, *between the devil and the deep sea.*

SYNOPSIS:

ACT I.—Home of Captain Hopper. Christmas eve.
ACT II.—On Beacon Hill. The glorious fourth of July.
ACT III.—Parlor in "The Manor." "And he brought the good ship safely in."

THE WRONG PACKAGE.

A Comedy in One Act.

FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY.

By HELEN SHERMAN GRIFFITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE SCARLET BONNET," "THE WRONG MISS MATHER," ETC.

Four female characters. Costumes modern ; scene a plain interior. Plays half an hour. A very bright and entertaining little piece, suitable for schools or for young girls in amateur theatricals. Tone high and quality good.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

NEW PLAYS.

MRS. BRIGGS OF THE POULTRY YARD

A Comedy in Three Acts.

By EVELYN GRAY WHITING,

AUTHOR OF "SIX KLEPTOMANIACS," "GONE ABROAD," "DECEPTION'S WEB,"
"NO ADMITTANCE," ETC.

Four male, seven female characters. Scene, an easy interior, the same for all three acts; costumes, modern and homely. A domestic comedy of the school of the celebrated "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," to whom and to whose transactions, however, it bears no other relation whatever. Like that work it is, in its hopeful and altruistic spirit and in its bright philosophy of life, a brief for Christian Science, looking steadfastly at the "bright side" of human affairs. Mrs. Briggs is an admirable part, full of original humor and quaint sayings, and all the characters are full of opportunity. Simply but effectively constructed, and written with great humor. Plays about two hours.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

CHARACTERS:

MRS. BRIGGS	<i>A woman of business</i>
RALPH		
JIMMY	{	
ALVIRA		<i>Her family</i>
MELISSA		
SILAS GREEN		<i>"A near relation"</i>
MR. LEE		<i>A wealthy neighbor</i>
VIRGINIA LEE		<i>His daughter</i>
DAISY THORNTON		<i>Her friend</i>
MRS. O'CONNOR		<i>With no liking for goats</i>
MANDY BATES		<i>Whose tongue will stumble</i>

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—At Mrs. Briggs' cottage. Mrs. Connor's pig. Seeking his fortune. "Stretchers." Love and cold cabbage. Merely ornamental. Farewell. On instalments. A stern parent. "I shall wait for him if I have to wait a hundred years." Disinherited.

ACT II.—In winter quarters. A cheerful view. The new boarder. A long silence. Silas and the chairs. A widow in leap year. Poultry raising. Silas agrees. The Christmas clothes-horse. A borrowed Christmas. More Santa Claus than one. A great surprise. The hatching machine.

ACT III.—Mrs. Briggs' poultry-yard. Jim and Daisy. Pumping Virginia. The rain-barrel. Not her father's daughter. An old story. A wedding while you wait. Silas' business ideas. A stuttering bride. A strange discovery. Ralph's father. The "hundred years" expire.

CARROTY NELL.

A Farce in Two Acts.

By THACHER HOWLAND GUILD,

AUTHOR OF "MY COUSIN TIMMY," "THE CLANCY KIDS," ETC.

Fifteen female characters. Scene, an easy interior; costumes, modern. A whimsical little piece, written for the same people—the Hope St. High School, Providence—as this author's previous popular plays. Full of extravagant humor, and very funny if given in the proper spirit. Carrot Nell, who is the life of the Orphan Asylum, conducts a revolt against certain observances in the routine of that establishment, with very funny results. Very vivacious and full of life.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

RECENT NOVELTIES.

THE SCROGGINS DIVORCE CASE

A Mock Trial in One Act.

By O. E. YOUNG,

AUTHOR OF "THE STRIPED SWEATER," "POPPING BY PROXY," "INVERVIEWING A GRANGER," "THE REAL THING," ETC.

Seven male, five female characters, and supers for Jury. Scenery unimportant; may be given on a platform. Costumes, modern and eccentric. Plays one hour. A spirited and amusing trial for divorce, introducing a great variety of humorous rustic characters, and provided with a dramatic "snapper" bringing the entertainment to a very satisfactory conclusion. As usual in such entertainments, there is a chance for local hits and points in speech of counsel, etc., and the selection of the Jury may be worked up or not, as preferred; but the demand now tends toward a complete entertainment rather than toward a skeleton piece to be amplified with local matters, and such is here provided.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

CHARACTERS:

JUDGE POMPous, of the Superior Court, *mindful of the dignity of the law.*
RESOLUTE SCROGGINS, *plaintiff in a divorce case.*
'SQUIRE QUIRK, *Mrs. Scroggins' counsel, always ready to object.*
ELIPHALET SCROGGINS, *the defendant, and Mrs. Scroggins' husband.*
PRAY WRIGHT, *a pretended minister, better known as "Slick Jim."*
SAM SIMPLE, *a half-witted farm hand.*
POLLY PRY, *Mrs. Scroggins' mother, and very deaf.*
MELINDA MEDDLE, *an old maid, but still waiting.*
SALLY SCROGGINS, *Mr. Scroggins' sister.*
MARTHA SNAPPER, *a colored scrub-woman.*
ALGERNON STYLES (Dick Keene), *a detective disguised as a dude boarder.*
CHRISTOPHER QUIZ, *foreman of the jury.*
Also SUPERS to fill out the jury.

SUNSET.

A Comedy in One Act.

By JEROME K. JEROME.

Three male, three female characters. Costumes, modern; scene, a single pretty interior. An admirable bit of pathos, dramatically conceived, and written with great truth and vigor. The story relates a most moving piece of self-sacrifice, full of sympathy and interest, so strong in its hold upon an audience that the task of the actors is half done. This advantage fits it admirably for amateurs, few of whom are superior to such a crutch. Plays fifty minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

NEW COLONIAL PLAYS.

THE GIRLS OF SEVENTEEN SEVENTY-SIX

A Colonial Drama in Three Acts.

FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY.

By DORA ADELE SHOEMAKER,

AUTHOR OF "A FIGHTING CHANCE," ETC.

Fourteen female characters, and supernumeraries. Scenes, two interiors and two exteriors ; costumes, those of the Colonial period. A strong and stirring play, touching lightly and adroitly upon certain minor historical points in the structure of its plot, but relying mainly upon purely imaginary but wholly characteristic and convincing incidents of love and minor politics for the interest of its story. Barbara's pretty love episode is ingeniously woven into the familiar fabric of the Revolution with admirable dramatic results. Brightly and cleverly written, full of convincing historical color, and appealing strongly and adroitly to the spirit of patriotism, it is strongly recommended to Colonial Societies and other interested bodies as first-class material. Plays a full evening.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

CHARACTERS.

MADAM EVELYN MAYFIELDS	<i>Wife of Colonel Mayfields of ye British Army</i>
HELEN }	<i>Her Daughters</i>
AMANDA }	
BARBARA STEELE	<i>"Bitter Sweet," her Niece</i>
DOLLY DARRAH	<i>The Friend of Barbara</i>
"GRANDMERE" MAYFIELDS	<i>The mother of Colonel Mayfields</i>
HONORA DRAKE	<i>A staunch Loyalist</i>
ANNE VAN DRESSER	<i>The friend of Amanda</i>
JACQUELINE MARIE VALCARTIER, <i>A French-Canadian girl of fallen fortune</i>	<i>Grandmère's attendant</i>
BETSEY ROSS.	
TRROUBLES }	
CHLOE }	
MINERVA }	
DASSY	<i>Slaves</i>

Guests for the Sewing-Bee in Act I, and for the Ball in Act III.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—Philadelphia. In the garden at Madam Mayfields. Afternoon late in the month of May.

ACT II.—Scene I. At the old cabin. Sunset time. July Fourth.

Scene II. The home of Betsey Ross. A morning of early Autumn.

ACT III.—Trenton. The hall of the ballroom. Christmas night.

SOLDIERS BRAVE AND MAIDENS FAIR

A Colonial Comedy in Two Acts.

By T. H. DAVIES.

Six male, two female characters, and soldiers. Scene, an easy interior ; costumes of the period. A clever and entertaining little piece depicting a stirring incident of the Revolution that might easily have happened even if, as is probably the case, it never did, history being notoriously undramatic. Very bright and perfectly actable. All the parts good and some of exceptional opportunity. Plays only an hour and a half or so, and so is well adapted to form part of a longer program. Strongly patriotic.

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